



## The Army Of Enemy's



 23  2  3

### Chapter 1 by Amy McDougall-Aubin

Once there was a boy named Max and he did not have any friends

### Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



This was because, by all accounts, Max was a piece of shit. Literally.

He had little, tiny turd hands that could drag him so much as a few feet before pitifully crumbling under his massive weight. Corn popped out of his eye sockets every once in awhile, scaring away potential friends and scarring his enemies.

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